

TARGET COMICS

10¢

OCTOBER

TARGET



DON
WICK

VOL. 7 - NO. 8



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang!

'Long about August, when most of you are still sticking around the old swimming hole or catching a breath of fresh air in the mountains, the football coaches start figuring out ways and means of beating the opposition. We are stealing a march on the coaches by trotting out Kit Carter for a slam-bang football game against the Bulldog A. C. It turns out that there is more in this game than meets the eye. It's dynamite!

A smooth, slick novelist, Arnold Kormar, meets Gary Stark and his friends this month. From the looks of things, he is trying to write another lurid chapter in their lives. Be on hand for the revisions that Gary, Bob and Nails make in Kormar's plot to win Panama.

With all this activity going on, we hope that nobody will go hungry for adventure in this issue. But, Gang — and this seriously — let's not cater so much to our own appetites that we forget to think of the people in Europe and Asia. Many of them depend on us for much of the little food they are getting. They are really in a bad way, and the going will be tough until the autumn harvest. If you stop and sandwich in a thought between two pieces of bread — at the corner drug store, or before bedtime in your own home — you may find that the extra snack department is a luxury that can wait — until famine has been driven from the doorsteps of our friends in other lands.

Cordially,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I'm just getting over a fractured collar bone, and I've got practically every funny book on the market. I can't find any that's better than TARGET.

Some children write in and say that some of your features aren't good, and that the artists should get canned. Well, my opinion is that any artist good enough to get a job on a book like TARGET, deserves a lot of credit.

Every feature can't be the best, but they're all pretty swell.

One of TARGET's friends
Bob Hildebrandt,
Rockford, Illinois

Thanks, Bob, for your comments on the artists. We know they'll appreciate the praise.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the July issue of TARGET COMICS, and thought I may as well put in my two cents.

I enjoy reading your comic book very much. Best of all I like the Editor's Page. This gives us kids a chance to tell you our likes and dislikes about TARGET. I haven't any comments about what I don't like, because I really enjoy every page of this book. I only wish that there was more of it.

When my brother was in the Army overseas, I used to send him every issue I could get. He is back now, and is still getting a kick out of TARGET.

I have had a few letters from some of his buddies, thanking me for sending the comics to my brother. They say they will also send in their comments.

Thank you for your enjoyable book.

Sidney Sierle,
Waterbury, Connecticut

We're glad you like the Editors' Page, Sidney. We'll keep an eye open for the other comments, too.

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading the June issue of TARGET. I don't like Gary Stark. How come the Chameleon doesn't wear a uniform like the Targeteers? I like The Cadet, Candid Charlie, and Targemans best.

What happened to Speck, Spot and Sis?

Sincerely yours,
Delores Peggy Mayer,
New York, N. Y.

Sorry you don't like Gary, Delores, but we try to make good use of criticism when it comes our way. The Chameleon doesn't wear a uniform because he has to use many disguises to meet various situations. Speck, Spot and Sis are now in our new magazine, HUMDINGER.

Dear Editors:

I just want to tell you what a swell book you have in TARGET COMICS. I am an ex-GI who was overseas. Many a rest period I spent reading your book at the U.S.O. in France, England, Holland and Germany.

I recently got back home, and I want to tell those boys and girls who have so many gripes, that TARGET COMICS made a lot of us fellows forget our homesickness when we were away.

Keep up the good work, and I'll always be a steady reader of your wonderful magazine.

An ex-GI,
George McHaro,
Santa Barbara, California

We're happy to know that you are carrying TARGET right over into civilian life, George. Best of luck in getting started again.

Dear Editors:

I like TARGET COMICS very much, because it has everything a comic book should have. It also brings other people enjoyment. I have a friend who worked in an infantile paralysis hospital in Cleveland, and she said TARGET made the children there very happy.

I also used to send TARGET to sailors. One sailor friend of mine told me that the other sailors would always try to sneak his copies away from him, when he received them in the mail.

Yours truly,
Frances Louise Morris
Hubbard, Ohio

It's nice to know that our book made the children happy, Frances. Looks as if your sailor had quite a time for himself when the mail was headed out.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



WHILE KIT CARTER AND THE CADETS BATTLE AGAINST GREAT ODDS TO TURN DEFEAT INTO VICTORY, THEY ARE CONFRONTED WITH THE IMPENDING DOOM OF AN EXPLOSION THAT WILL BLAST THEM ALL TO SHREDS!

THIRTY SEC TO PLAY LAST QUARTER	
DAINTON	0
BULLDOG A.C.	3



DAINTON ACADEMY ENDS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FOOTBALL SEASON IN YEAH, CARTER! ITS HISTORY! SWELL GAME!

NICE WORK, TEAM!

WUA! NOT BAD FOR GISSIES-BUT BULLDOG A.C. WOULD MAKE 'EM LOOK SICK!

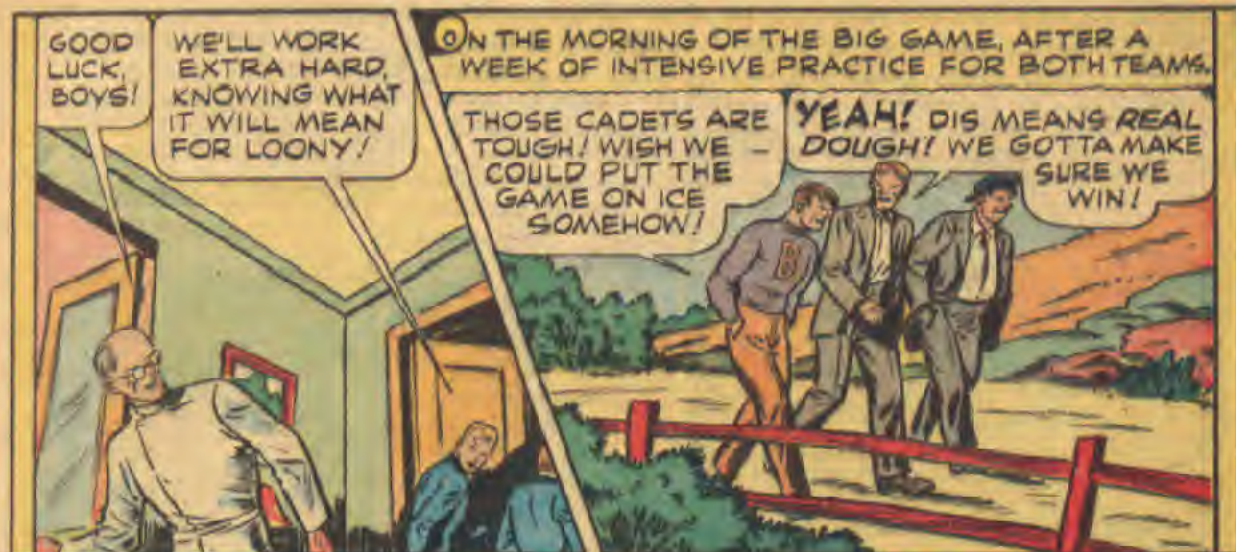
CAREFUL, MOOSE, WE MIGHT CALL YOUR BLUFF!

WE'RE THE SEMIPRO CHAMPS AROUND HERE-AND WE'LL BEAT YOU BOY SCOUTS ANY TIME!

YOU DON'T SAY! SUPPOSE WE PLAY A GAME FOR THE TOWN CHAMPIONSHIP!

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Daig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant
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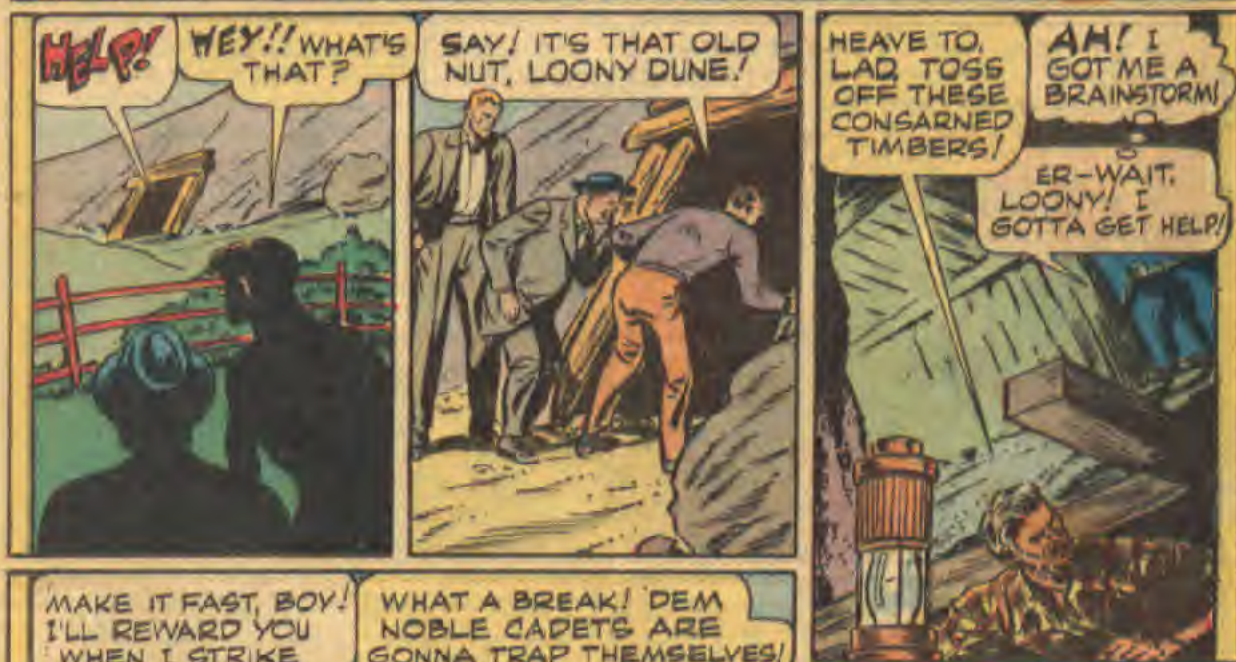
GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

WE'LL WORK EXTRA HARD, KNOWING WHAT IT WILL MEAN FOR LOONY!

ON THE MORNING OF THE BIG GAME, AFTER A WEEK OF INTENSIVE PRACTICE FOR BOTH TEAMS,

THOSE CADETS ARE TOUGH! WISH WE - COULD PUT THE GAME ON ICE SOMEHOW!

YEAH! DIS MEANS REAL DOUGH! WE GOTTA MAKE SURE WE WIN!



HELP!

HEY!! WHAT'S THAT?

SAY! IT'S THAT OLD NUT, LOONY DUNE!

HEAVE TO, LAD, TOSS OFF THESE CONSERVED TIMBERS!

AH! I GOT ME A BRAINSTORM!

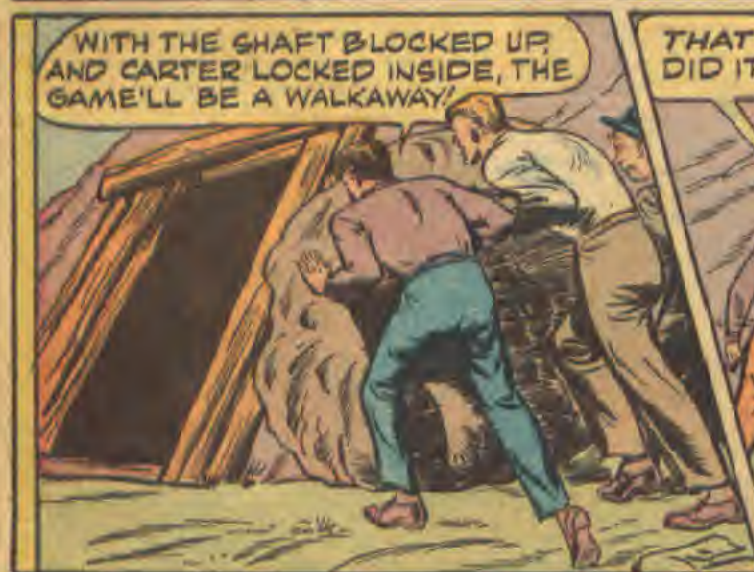
ER-WAIT, LOONY! I GOTTA GET HELP!

MAKE IT FAST, BOY! I'LL REWARD YOU WHEN I STRIKE IT RICH!

WHAT A BREAK! 'DEM NOBLE CADETS ARE GONNA TRAP THEMSELVES!

I'LL SEND KIT CARTER AND HIS PALS UP HERE -- ONLY THEY WON'T GET BACK IN TIME FOR THE GAME! GET IT?

WE KNOW WHAT TO DO!







QUESTION No. 3. Name a cadet football team that has been undefeated for two years?

LOAD UP ON THIS ORE, FELLAS--WE MAY HAVE TO BATTLE OUR WAY OUT!

ALL OVERGROWN! NO WONDER I NEVER FOUND IT!

LOOK! THE CADETS ARE SNEAKING OUT! CHARGE 'EM!

OKAY! THERE'S PLENTY OF AMMUNITION HERE!

DRIVE 'EM BACK TO THE MINES! THE GAME AIN'T OVER YET!

KEEP MOVING, GUYS!

OUCH!

HI, PROFESSOR ZYKTOS!

BOYS! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS ROWDY CONDUCT?

THE CADETS RUN TO THE FOOTBALL FIELD!

HEE! WEE! NOT A BAD LITTLE JOG FOR MY AGE!

WE'LL EXPLAIN IN GEOLOGY CLASS, PROF--EXCUSE US!

WOW! LOOK WHO'S COMIN'!

C'MON! DON'T TAKE NO CHANCES NOW THAT THE GAME'S ALMOST OVER! KEEP 'EM OUT!



MEANWHILE, LOONY PREPARES TO ENJOY THE FAST ENDING GAME!

LET 'ER RIP, BOYS!

MIGOSH! LOONY'S CHEWING DYNAMITE! HE'LL BLOW US ALL TO BITS!

WAKE UP CARTER!

TERRIFIED BY PROSPECTS OF A MASS DISASTER, KIT DASHES AHEAD WITH RENEWED STRENGTH!

I GOTTA STOP HIM BEFORE WE'RE ALL KILLED!

LOOKIT HIM TRAVEL!

YIPPEE! TOUCHDOWN! DAUNTON WINS!

LOONY! STOP! DON'T BLOW US UP!

DON'T WORRY, SON! I WAS ONLY BLUFFING 'EM BULLDOGS! IT'S ONLY A PEPPERMINT! CANDY STICK! -- HAVE A CHAW?

ULP! YOU SURE PUT ONE OVER, LOONY!

ARE YOU AWARE THAT THIS ORE YOU SO RASHLY TOSSED ABOUT IS HIGH GRADE TUNGSTEN, AND VERY VALUABLE?

DADGUMMIT-- I KNEW I'D STRIKE IT RICH! AND I AIN'T GOT ANY DÉE-LOOSIONS!

LOONY'S RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER CHARITY FOR OUR WINNINGS!

HURRAY FOR KIT CARTER!

GARY STARK

GARY, BOB AND NAILS
ARE TAKING PANAMA
TO HER FATHER, IN
NEW YORK, BUT---

TROUBLE IS ABOARD
THE SHIP IN THE FORM
OF ARNOLD KOMAR, A
SUAVE, CHARMING NOVELIST,
WITH ONE EYE ON PANAMA,
AND THE OTHER ON HER
WEALTH !!

WHAT IS IN THE BACK
OF KOMAR'S
CRAFTY MIND ??



by
**DON
RICO**



TARGET COMICS

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT KOMAR'S DIARY--

very much. However, this part of
a novelist is beginning to bore
me. I fancy myself now as
the husband of rich Panama
Colon - yacht, estate, etc!
Woman! Nice!
Then, of course, if she settles
the bulk of her wealth on
me, I'll be only too happy to
feed her of a cash and
founder like myself.
We shall see....

KOMAR, YOU HANDSOME DOG YOU! I'M
AFRAID THIS GAME IS GOING TO BE TOO EASY!
HOWEVER--CARRY ON, OL' BOY! CARRY ON!



LATER--

I'M READY
TO DINE
WITH YOU,
MR. KOMAR!

AH! MY PRINCESS!
I SHALL BE THE
ENVY OF
EVERY MAN
ON BOARD!



IN THE DINING SALON--

HEY!

WHAT
IS
THIS??

EASY,
BOBBY, ME
BUCKO--
I CAN
EXPLAIN!

DO
I
HOPE!

IT'D BETTER BE GOOD! I
DON'T LIKE TO SEE
PANAMA STRIKING UP
THESE SHIP
ACQUAINTANCES!

AW--HE'S ONLY A
BOOK WRITER WHO'S
DOING A STORY OF
OUR ADVENTURES.
HE'S GETTING
MATERIAL FROM
THE COLLEEN---
THAT'S ALL!

WELL--I'M RESPONSIBLE
FOR HER! I'M GOING
TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK
AT THIS WHISKERED
GLAMOR-BOY!



QUESTION No. 5: In what country is a policeman called a "bobby"?





BUT ARNOLD KOMAR IS NOT ONE TO STEP GRACEFULLY OUT OF THE PICTURE.

THIS CALLS FOR A CHANGE IN TACTICS! OBVIOUSLY, THE GIRL AND CARTER ARE TOO MUCH IN LOVE FOR ANOTHER MAN TO INTERFERE!



AND SO--A WIRE IS WRITTEN--

Mr. Edward Condon,
Metropole Building,
New York, N. Y.
Your daughter travelling to New York
in company of notorious ~~seaman~~ ~~seaman~~ ~~seaman~~.
Can I do anything to help? Am
on E. C. Constance with this Condon
party.
Arnold Komar

--AND RECEIVED--

MR. CONDON--THIS JUST ARRIVED! IT'S IMPORTANT-- CONCERNS YOUR DAUGHTER!

MY DAUGHTER?

I HOPE NOTHING IS DELAYING HER! I'M SO ANXIOUS TO--HMMMM! WHAT'S THIS?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHEN THIS FELLOW CARTER WROTE ME ABOUT PANAMA, I HAD HIM INVESTIGATED, AND HIS CHARACTER PROVED FLAWLESS. NOW THIS KOMAR COMES UP! WHO IS HE?



BLANE, GET ACE ADAMS ON THE PHONE, AT ONCE! HE'LL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS!



IN THE OFFICE OF ACE ADAMS, TOP
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR—

THAT'S THE STORY, EH? RIGHT! I'LL
PLANE DOWN AND BOARD THE SHIP
AT HAITI, WHERE SHE STOPS! WE'LL
SEE WHAT'S AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

WHAT'S COOKIN',
POPS?

EATE CONTINUES TO SPIN HER WEB OF
DESTINY AS WE RETURN TO THE SHIP!

NO WORD FROM
CONDON YET! HAVE
I MADE A MISTAKE?
MAYBE I SHOULD
HAVE TRIED
SOMETHING ELSE!

IT'S NOT TOO LATE! WE DOCK AT
HAITI TOMORROW NIGHT--THE GIRL
WILL GO ASHORE! I HAVE FRIENDS
THERE--THEY'LL BE GLAD TO DO
A LITTLE JOB FOR ME!

AH! THERE'S THE NOBLE HERO
HIMSELF! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO
FORTIFY MY LINES-- AT HIS
EXPENSE!

OH--
MR. CARTER!

WHAT DO
YOU
WANT?

I UNDERSTAND HOW
YOU FEEL ABOUT MISS
CONDON, AND I'M
SORRY TO HAVE
BEEN SUCH A PEST!
NO HARD FEELINGS,
I HOPE!

OKAY WITH
ME, KOWAR!
GLAD TO
SEE YOU'RE
SUCH A
SPORT!

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT
WHAT A SPORT I AM--
MY FRIEND!

NEXT DAY--

WE DOCK AT PORT-AU-PRINCE TONIGHT, DARLING. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO ASHORE WITH GARY?

OOH! I'D LOVE EET! BUT WHY NOT WEETH YOU, BOBBEE?

NAILS AND I HAVE TO GO TO OUR STEAMSHIP OFFICE TO STRAIGHTEN OUT OUR JOBS! GARY'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU ALL RIGHT!



TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, BABY!

BOBBEE---
LOOK!

SOMEBODY AT THE WEENDOW!



BOB DASHES OUT TO THE HALL, BUT--

HMMM!
NOBODY
HERE!



WHILE, AROUND THE CORNER--

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE! SO! ONLY THE BOY WILL BE WITH MISS CONDON! THAT MAKES EVERYTHING PERFECT!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE SHIP HAS DOCKED, THE SINISTER ARNOLD KOMAR WATCHES AS GARY AND PANAMA APPROACH A TAXI--

TAXI,
SIR!

OKAY!

AH!
PERFECT!
PERFECT!







WHAT IS THIS--A STICK-UP?

NOT QUITE! GO ON IN THAT DOOR!



KOWAR!

OH! MR. KOWAR!

GOOD, EVENING, MY DEAR FRIENDS!



HELP US, MR. KOWAR! THIS BIG BRUTE FORCED US EEN HERE WEETH A GUN!

TSCH! TSCH! HOW REGRETTABLE! HOW SAD--



BUT IT WAS QUITE NECESSARY! YOU SEE, MISS CONDON, YOU ARE MY GUEST UNTIL YOUR FATHER CROSSES MY PALM WITH FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD!

WHY-- YOU DIRTY--

OOOH! NO! YOU ARE FOOLING!



RELAX, BUD!

CRACK!

OOOH!



YOU SEE, MISS CONDON--I HAD TO CHOOSE THIS MEANS OF LOOSENING YOU FROM SOME OF YOUR WEALTH! I COULDN'T COPE WITH MR. CARTER!



YES---BUT HOW? THAT'S THE PROBLEM THAT FACES

GARY STARK

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

You don't dare miss it!!

(10)

TARGET COMICS

THE TARGET

and the TARGETEERS



RANGING AFAR IN THEIR BATTLE AGAINST CRIME, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS FIND THE CRUEL TENTACLES OF THE UNDERWORLD STRETCH DEEP INTO THE RUGGED WILDERNESS.

A MISS DORIS POND TO SEE YOU, NILES.

OH, MR. REED... YOU MUST HELP MY COUSIN!

KEN'S ON TRIAL FOR MURDER, BUT.....

KENNETH BLACK? I'VE READ ABOUT THAT CASE... ALL THE EVIDENCE IS AGAINST HIM! HE HASN'T A CHANCE, MISS POND.



BUT KEN'S INNOCENT! THE REAL MURDERER IS "BULLETS" BLEDD!

BLEDD'S A BIG GANGSTER... AND SHREWD! YOU'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME PINNING THE RAP ON HIM!

WHY ISN'T HE TESTIFYING?

JOE BLINKS IS SO DEATHLY SCARED OF BLEDD'S THUGS THAT HE'S HIDING OUT SOME PLACE IN THE NORTH WOODS!

BUT THERE'S AN EYEWITNESS WHO CAN PROVE THAT BLEDD IS THE REAL KILLER!



IT'S A MIGHTY SLIM CHANCE... BUT I THINK YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH! THE TROUBLE-SHOOTER AGENCY TAKES THE CASE!

WONDERFUL!



WE'RE FLYING NORTH, BOYS... LOOKING IN A HAYSTACK FOR A NEEDLE NAMED JOE BLINKS!

MY LAWYER MAY HAVE A LEAD. I'LL TELL HIM TO MEET YOU AT THE AIRPORT!



SOON, AT THE AIRPORT, THE TARGETEERS MEET SNAVELY GRILL, DORIS'S LAWYER....

IT'S A WILD GOOSE CHASE! BLINKS HAS VANISHED COMPLETELY!

NOT COMPLETELY, MR. GRILL! HE WAS LAST SEEN IN A LITTLE TOWN CALLED ROCKY WATER!



WITH THAT START WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO TRACK HIM DOWN!

HMPH! IN THAT CASE, I BETTER JOIN YOU!



QUESTION No. 9. Was an expedition into the "North Woods" undertaken recently?



THERE'S ROCKY WATER! I HOPE THE NATIVES HAVE HEARD OF BLINKS!



SOON.....

BLINKS? A NERVOUS LITTLE SQUIRT... YEP, I SEEN 'IM!

GREAT! WHERE CAN WE FIND HIM?



HE'S HOLIN' OUT SOME PLACE UP ON BROKEN RIDGE!

BROKEN RIDGE, EH? LET'S GO, FELLAS!

COUNT ME OUT! THAT COUNTRY'S MUCH TOO ROUGH FOR A CIVILIZED MAN LIKE ME! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU!



THE TARGETEERS PLUNGE INTO RUGGED COUNTRY.....

MAYBE GRILL HAD THE RIGHT IDEA! HE WARMS HIMSELF IN THE INN WHILE WE DO THE WORK!



FINALLY, AFTER A LONG TREK.....

WE'RE ON BROKEN RIDGE, BOYS! THAT MUST BE BLINKS' HIDE-OUT!

HURRY! LET'S SEE!



BLINKS? LET US IN!

NO! NO! DON'T KILL ME! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! I'M HARMLESS AS A BIRD!

WELL, STOP CHIRPING! WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU, CHUM!



Q QUESTION No. 10. What material was often used by the Indians in building canoes?



SOON....

WE AIN'T TELLIN' WHO HIRED US! NO LAW AGAINST LEAVIN' NOTES ON DOORSTEPS!

THE SHERIFF CAN PICK YOU UP LATER.... WE'VE STILL GOT A LONG WALK TO ROCKY WATER!

BACK IN ROCKY WATER....

GREAT SCOTT! SO YOU REALLY GOT HIM! HE... UH... CAN TAKE MY PLACE IN THE PLANE! I'VE DECIDED TO RETURN BY TRAIN!

WE JUST CAN'T DO WITHOUT YOU, GRILL!

BUT... BUT I GET AIR SICK!

GOSH, NILES... WHAT'S THE IDEA?

AS NILES ZOOMS THE PLANE DOWN THE RUNWAY....

PLEASE... PLEASE LET ME OFF!

MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL US, GRILL! WHO ELSE BUT YOU COULD HAVE HIRED THE LUMBER-JACKS FOR BLEDD?

STOP THE PLANE! I CONFESS! I'M WORKING FOR "BULLETS" BLEDD. MY JOB IS TO MAKE SURE BLINKS WON'T TESTIFY! I HIRED THE LUMBERJACKS... STOP THE PLANE!

OKAY, OKAY!

GOSH! ONE OF THE ENGINES FELL OUT! WE WOULD HAVE CRASHED!

MORE OF GRILL'S WORK! HIS INSISTENCE ON TAKING THE TRAIN MADE ME SUSPICIOUS... FORTUNATELY!

YOU TARGETEERS DID A WONDERFUL JOB!

TERRIFIC!

GRILL'S CONFESSION AND BLINK'S TESTIMONY SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN FROM DEATH!

AHEM! DON'T FORGET, IT TOOK A BRAVE MAN TO SQUEAL ON "BULLETS" BLEDD!

TARGETOONS

HOW DID YER SISTER TALK
HERSELF OUT OF GETTIN' A
TICKET FER PASSIN' A
RED LIGHT??

SHE MADE
GO-GO EYES AT
TH' COP!!!

DO YOU HAVE A
FAMILY TREE?

NAW-WE LIVE
IN A HOUSE!!



MET HAMMER.



G'WAN, HOW KIN YER
POP SHAVE 20 TIMES
A DAY, HUH???

EASY-HE'S
A BARBER!!

WOT D'YA MEAN TH' FORMULA
FER WATER IS HIJKLMNO??

WELL, DIDNT OUR
TEACHER SAY IT
WAS H TO O??





BEN KEITH had risen at five-thirty so that he might get his chores done and answer the ad early. Now at five minutes to eight he held the clipping from the newspaper with trembling fingers and hurried toward the Main Street Market.

He knew the wording of the ad by heart. "Bright boy," it read, "to wait on customers and run errands after school and Saturdays. Seventy cents an hour."

By summer Ben could save over a hundred dollars and he needed only that much to send Sally to camp. As he hurried on, the thought of Sally's poor withered leg crossed his mind with the shocking brutal force it always had since the evening the previous summer when Sally, perfectly healthy and happy, had retired, only to awake in the middle of the night with a high fever and increasing pain.

When he reached the corner where Second Avenue met Main Street, however, his heart sank. Ahead of him he could see the Main Street Market's sign, and at the store entrance someone waited ahead of him.

"Bright boy," he remembered the ad began. And waiting there was Mark Janis, the bright boy at school, always a jump ahead of everyone.

"You might as well go home, Keith," Mark Janis said as Ben approached. "I phoned Mr. George last night and he's going to hire me."

A gripping fear seized Ben. He, too, had thought the night before of phoning the owner

of the market, but since the expense of Sally's illness his parents had discontinued their telephone service. Even a nickel for a pay-station call was an important item to his father.

At that moment, however, Mr. George drove up to the curb. Mark Janis approached him as he got out of his car.

"Here I am for the job, Mr. George," he said.

The storekeeper smiled and nodded. "You phoned me last night, didn't you?" he asked. Then he turned to Ben. "This fellow's all right, isn't he?"

"Yes, Sir," Ben replied. His voice was very small.

All at once Mr. George stopped short and dove his hands into his pockets. "I've forgotten to bring my change with me. I'll have to go home for it!" He frowned. The delay in opening up seemed to bother him. Then he added, "Would you two boys want to bring some cases of canned goods from the rear of the store? I'll pay you each an hour's time."

Mr. George unlocked the store, showed the boys the crates in the back room and left them alone, to return home for his change.

"Huh," snickered Mark Janis, "there aren't over a dozen cases to be carried to the front of the store. You might as well earn your money, Keith. Get going."

"Are you going to help?" Ben asked.

"Why should I? I'll have plenty to do later in the day." Mark sat on the counter and grinned. "Couldn't you guess that Mr. George wanted a guy with brains to work here?"

Ben did not reply, but began

to carry crates. He had brought the sixth crate front and was returning to the rear for the next, when Mark Janis suddenly followed him into the rear.

"Shake a leg, will you?" he said brusquely, and gave Ben a push. "You're even too dumb to get out of your own way." He lifted a crate from the pile and began to walk from the back room.

Ben Keith jumped into Mark's way at the opening in the partition. In spite of Ben's fear of Mark Janis, he stood his ground. "That's a lie," he said quietly. "I've carried every box so far!"

"Not so loud, not so loud!" Mark snarled under his breath.

"Not so loud, is it?" The voice came from the direction of the counters. Ben turned, startled. Mr. George was approaching.

"I saw you jump from the counter, young man," he said to Mark. "And I heard your conversation just now. You thought because I drove here in my car I live a long way off. Well, I live only next door, but I drove here because I expect to go away on business for a couple of hours this morning."

Ben's thoughts swam as he saw Mr. George reach into his pocket, extract seventy cents and hand it to Mark Janis. Tears of joy came to his eyes as Mr. George went on, "I know now that Ben's my man. The jails today are filled with bright people working on ideas for getting something for nothing. And every one in the end finds he has outsmarted himself."

The CHAMELEON

ONE MILLION DOLLARS IS A LOT OF DOUGH IN ANY LANGUAGE. PETE STOCKBRIDGE, THE CHAMELEON, AND HIS SIDE-KICK, RAGSY, FIND OUT THAT EVEN A MILLION DOLLARS CAN BE WORTHLESS WHEN THEY GET TIED UP WITH "THE HERMIT'S TREASURE."



PETE AND RAGSY ARE ON A LITTLE TRIP, STRICTLY BUSINESS, OF COURSE....

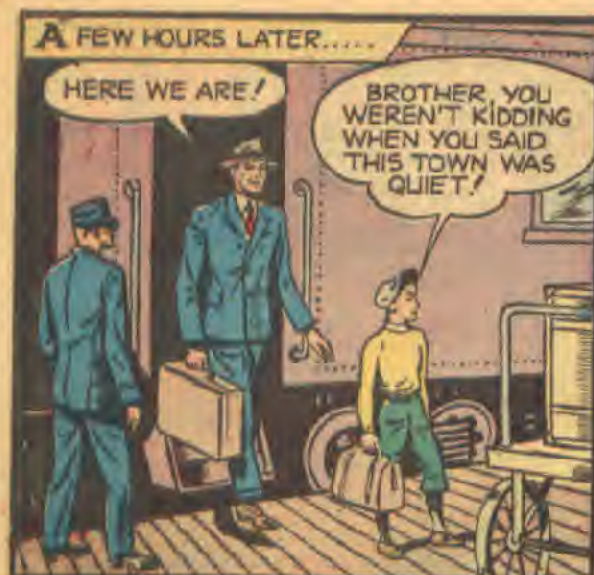
WELL, RAGSY, THE REASON WE'RE GOING TO HARTSDALE IS BECAUSE I WANT TO INTERVIEW THAT OLD HERMIT.... THE ONE THEY SAY HAS A MILLION DOLLAR TREASURE HIDDEN IN HIS CABIN.

AND YOU THINK IT'S SUCH A GOOD STORY, THAT YOU WON'T TRUST ANYONE ELSE ON THE "STAR" TO WRITE IT.

BESIDES, I THOUGHT WE COULD STAND A LITTLE VACATION. HARTSDALE, IS SUCH A QUIET LITTLE TOWN.

YEAH... BUT WHEREVER YOU GO, TROUBLE JUST NATURALLY TAGS ALONG.





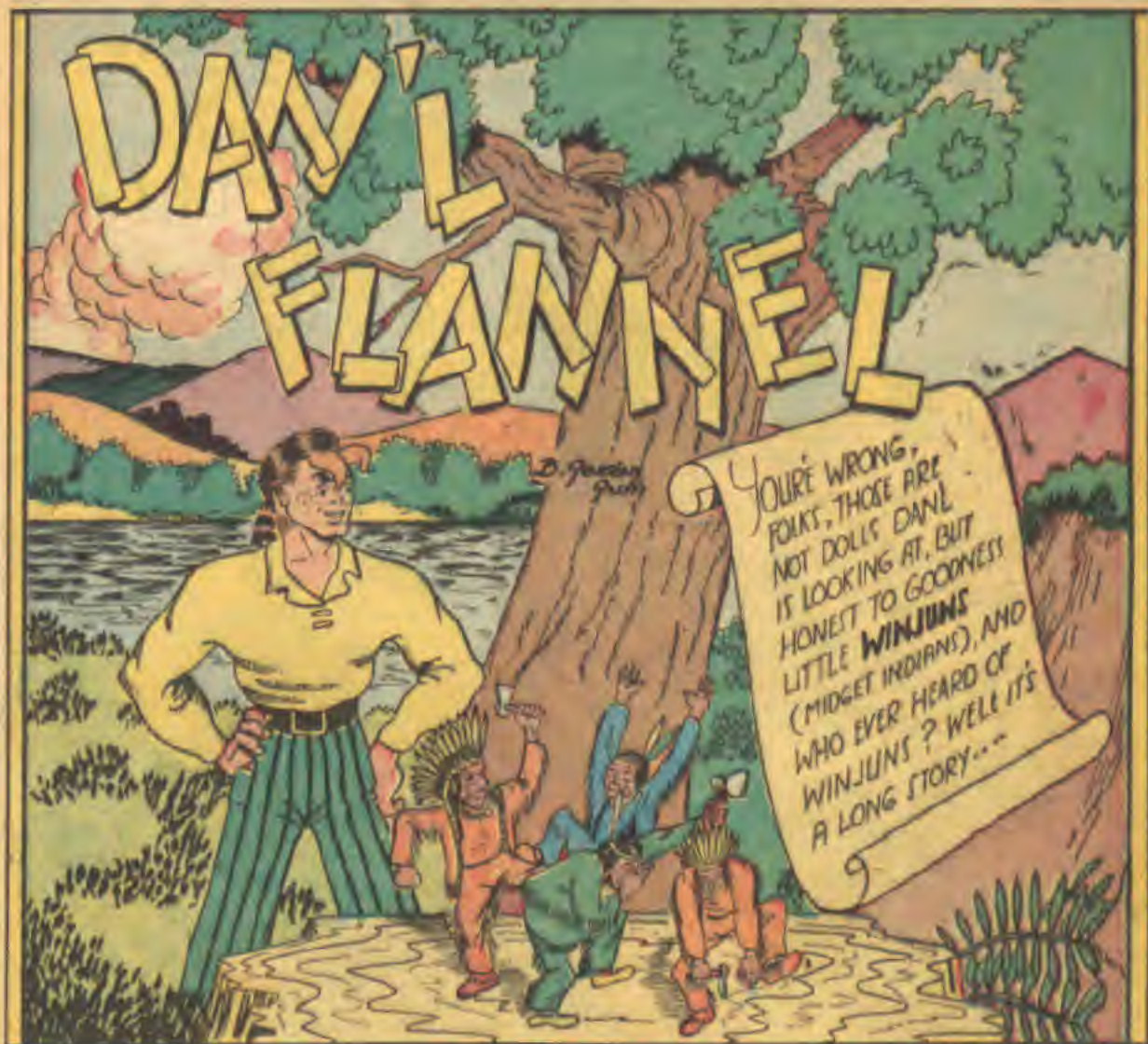
Q UESTION No. 11, Name two other types of violent storms, in addition to a cyclone.













Q QUESTION Feb. 19. What was the greatest secret kept by the Allies during the war?

THE FRIENDS I SPOKE
OF WHO WILL FIND ME
HERE ARE **LITTLE PEOPLE**
CALLED WINJUNS.
NOBODY HAS EVER SEEN THEM
EXCEPT ME. THEY ARE
VERY SMALL INDIANS,
GIFTED WITH
MIRACULOUS POWERS.

NOW FOR YOUR REWARD.
HERE IS A MAP SHOWING
YOU HOW TO GET TO THE
WINJUN VILLAGE.
TRASURE IT, REMEMBER
THIS, DON'T LIE IT
UNLESS, AS A LAST
RESORT, YOU HAVE TO
GO TO THEM FOR
HELP!

I HAD TA TAKE IT
TA MAKE 'IM FEEL
GOOD.
WINJUNS! CRAZY!

THANKS

Den'l
throws the
map away

A CAPRICIOUS TWIST OF THE
WIND AND THE MAP IS BLOWN
SKYWARDS.

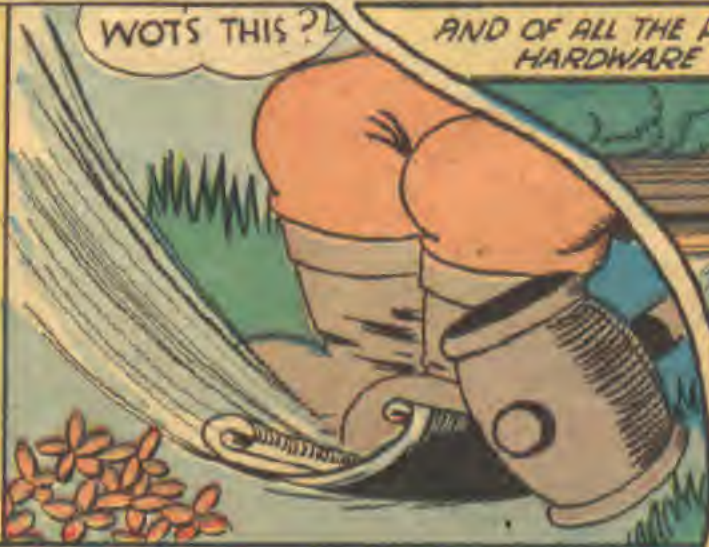
MILES AND MILES IT TRAVELS



WOT'S THIS?

AND OF ALL THE PEOPLE TO FIND IT -
HARDWARE HOGAN!

A MAP!





QUESTION No. 14. In what book about treasure does Israel Hands appear?



THE POOR
WINJUNS,
SURROUNDED BY
CLIFFS ON ALL
SIDES, THEY
HAVE NO CHANCE
OF ESCAPE
FROM HOGAN.

NOW WOT ARE
WE GONNA
DO?

TAKE A FEW FER SAMPLES,
SELL 'EM TO A CIRCUS, COME
BACK AN' GIT SOME MORE.
WE'LL GIT RICH!!

YA GOT
SOMEDIN,
NOW

Back
IN HOMESPUN

SOUNDS LIKE
SOMEBODY CRYIN'
IT'S COMIN' FROM
HOGAN'S SHACK!

OH!

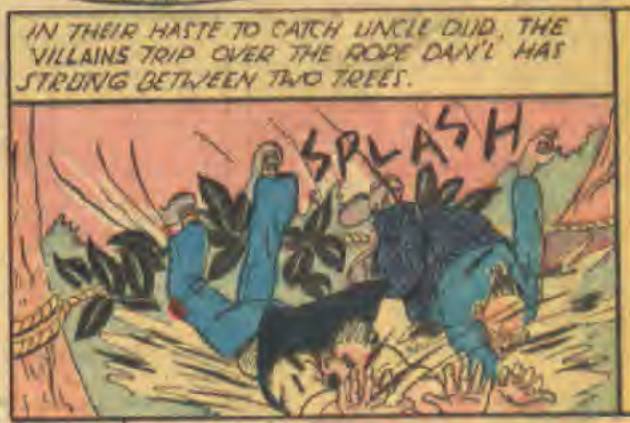
WHAT DANZ SAW

GOSH! YA MUST BE
THE LITTLE PEOPLE
THE NICE OLD MAN
TOL' ME ABOUT!!

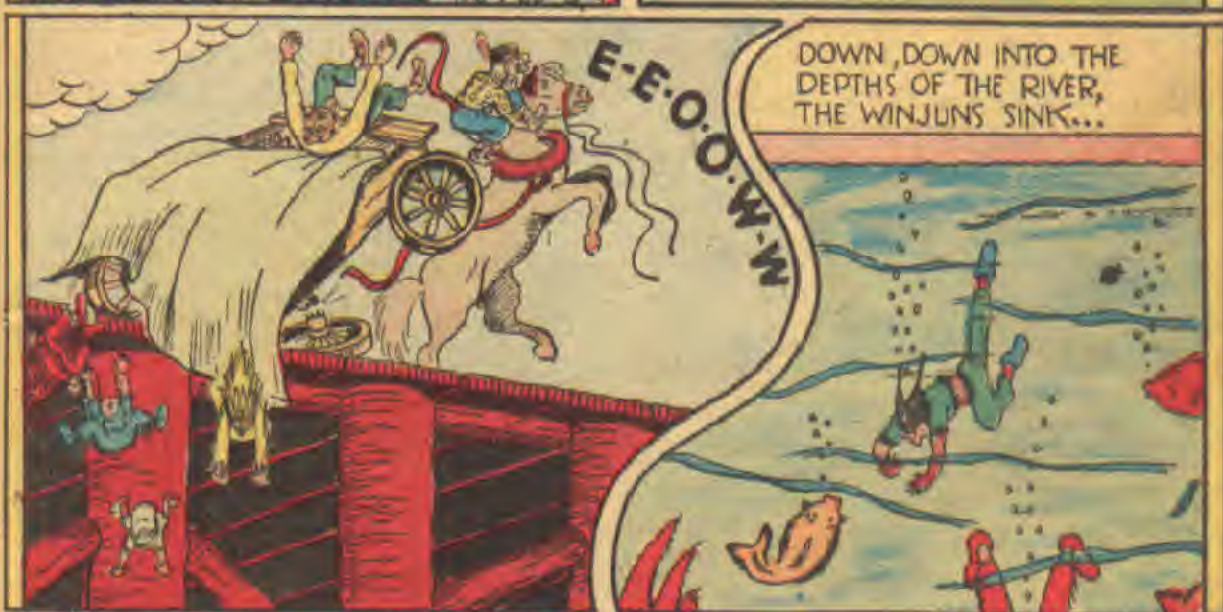
HEAD BAD MAN
SELL US TO
CIRCUS. WE SAD
PEOPLE.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE BACK
AN' TAKE YA HOME.

GEE! THE OLD MAN WARNT
CRAZY! THEY IS JECH PEOPLE,
AND THAT HOGAN'S SELUN 'EM
LIKE SLAVES! THE DANZ!!







THE WINJUNS ARE COMIN' UP
FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER
ON THE BACKS OF THEM FISH!!

STRETCH THEM ARMS,
UNCLE DUD. WE GOTTA
GET ALL THEM WINJUNS!

GOSH! TA THINK
THEM FISH SAVED
YA! HOW COME?

FISH NO EAT
WINJUNS - WE
FRIENDS

AN I WUZ SCARED
THE FISH MIGHT
TA ATE 'EM!

I DUNNO WOT THAT
NOISE WUZ, BUT IT
SURE MESSED THINGS
UP. THE WAGON'S
BROKE AN' MY HORSE
IS GONE. LOOKS
LIKE WE GOTTA
WALK. SORRY, CHIEF.

PALE FACE ALWAYS
VERY KIND. WE WALK-
NO TROUBLE.

BUT PALE FACE
JAY WALK!

NO REASON WHY
YOU LITTLE FELLAS
SHOULD STRAIN YERSELVES
I'M DOIN' THE
WALKIN'.

HOGAN! DAN'L
AN THE WINJUNS
DOWN THAR.

NOW AIN'T
THET NICE!
HE SAVED
'EM FER ME.
ARF/ARF!

NO USE RUSHIN' THINGS.
WE'LL WAIT TILL THEY GIT
BACK TO THE WINJUN
VILLAGE, THEN WE KIN
FIX THET DAN'L AND GRAB
US SOME MORE WINJUNS.
PUFFECK FIGURIN'!!

UNAWARE THAT HOGAN AND HIS
CROWIES ARE NOT FAR AWAY,
DAN'L AND UNCLE DUD MAKE
CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.

WHILE DAN'L AND UNCLE
DUD SLEEP.

I SMELL THE SCENT
OF THE BAD ONE.

IT IS TIME
WE ACTED.

WE'LL USE THIS CANVAS
AS A TENT FER THE THE
WINJUNS.

AND SO THE WINJUNS
MAKE THEIR WAY TO
HOGAN'S CAMP

HE ALSO IS THE
ENEMY OF OUR
PALE FACE BROTHER.
WE MUST HURRY!

SEE! ALL THE BAD ONES
IN DEEP SLEEP.

THE WINJUN CHIEF SPREADS A SECRET
POWDER ON THE GHOST.

WHEN THE MORNING DEW MIXES
WITH THIS, WE WILL RETURN.

Next Morning.

IT'S MORNIN',
AN I FEEL LIKE
SLEEPIN AGIN
HO-HUM

WOT'S
THET FUNNY
SMELL?
HO-HUM

5 MINUTES LATER THE POWDER, A SLEEPING DRUG MADE FROM INDIAN HERBS, TAKES EFFECT.



MEANWHILE -

UNCLE DUD! A COUPLE O' WINJUNS ARE GONE!!

DAN'L! HERE THEY COME BACK!



YOU WILL COME WITH US, PALE FACE.



HOGAN! SO THETS WHO CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE!! THEM WINJUNS DID A GOOD JOB. WAIT'LL I GIT BACK, I'LL FINISH IT!



AFTER HOGAN AND HIS MEN LEFT, A FEW WINJUNT WHO HID IN THE TREES UNTIED THE OLD MAN.



WELCOME HOME.

AND NOW THE GREAT PALE FACE SHALL BE REWARDED FOR ALL HE HAS DONE FOR THE WINJUNS.



A SHORT WALK AND THE WINJUN CHIEF TAKES DAN'L AND UNCLE DUD TO A HIDDEN GOLD MINE.

WELL WOT DA YA KNOW!

HERE, PALE FACE TAKE GOLD.

GOIN'! THANKS, CHIEF, BUT I COULDN'T. I DIDN'T WORK FER IT, AN' THATS THE ONLY WAY WE FLANNELS DIZ THINGS.

AN'TA THINK THET HOGAN WUZ ON TOP OF A GOLD MINE ALL THE TIME, AN' DIDN'T KNOW IT. --- SAY! WOTCHA GOT THAR?

WINJUN SLEEPIN' POWDER - NEXT TIME THAT GABBY WIDDER CRABTREE CORNERS ME, I'M GONNA USE SOME IN HER COFFEE. AINT NEVER BIN ABLE TA STOP HER UP TO NOW.



THE SOUVENIR GUN

BY HARRY SUSSMAN

JIM looked out the window of his room in Mom Ritchie's boarding house. His eyes coldly watched the cars skidding about in the heavy slush. Suddenly one car completely stalled. The driver got out carrying a small shovel and began to pile ashes beneath the wheels of his car, and with the aid of the blanket of ashes beneath the car he was able to drive off.

Jim remained by the window; his fingers toyed with the discharge pin on his jacket. He had been out of the army for two months, and still wasn't able to get a suitable job. He was getting impatient, and didn't have any family to encourage and guide him.

Mom Ritchie was swell to him. She had tried to make a home for him in her small boarding-house, but Jim had a heavy shell about him. Somehow Mom couldn't get to his heart.

He continued to look out the window, as the cars moved about at a snail's pace. Suddenly he turned about, opened the desk drawer and pulled out his Luger. His war souvenir. He put on his dyed army coat and began to walk out of the house. As he neared the door, a familiar voice stopped him, "Hello, is that you

Jim?" He turned towards the living room where Mom Ritchie was sitting, and said, "Yeah, Mrs. Ritchie. I'm going out for a short walk. Be back soon."

Mom looked through the open venetians and watched Jim walk out into the slush. She always felt hurt when Jim called her Mrs. Ritchie. She wished to be called Mom. She tried to be a mother to all her boarders, as she felt a mother made the place you live in, called home. Suddenly her eyes narrowed as she saw Jim walk towards the lonely freight sections of the city.

Jim walked deep into the freight sections. He watched the occasional car going by slowly, with caution. Suddenly a coupe spun about in the slush and stalled. His fingers tightened on the Luger in his pocket, and he began to walk towards the car. He could see the man get out to examine the heavy slush that stalled his car. This should be a cinch, he thought.

Suddenly the man by the car turned and saw Jim. The man was frightened. "Hello there," he said nervously. "Can you help me?" Jim tightened his grip on the Luger before he could draw it from his pocket, a voice

behind him spoke, "Of course he will."

Jim turned and saw Mom Ritchie. Her wraps were from all appearance hastily put on. She was panting and out of breath. Jim turned red; speechlessly he turned to the man and together they pushed the car out of the slush in which it was stalled.

"Thanks," said the man. "Perhaps I could give you a lift?" "Yes," said Mom, "you can drop us off at the loan company, on Elders St." In a few minutes the car stopped before the loan company. When they were alone Jim turned to Mom and said, "Why did you follow me, and for what reason did we come here?"

Mom looked at Jim and said, "I went to your room after you left." Jim felt a heavy lump gather in his throat. "Son, there's only one way to make money from a souvenir gun. That's by selling it." Jim looked at Mom Ritchie and sheepishly blushed, "I guess you're right, Mom. Come on in with me. Mothers are always helpful in business deals."

Mom Ritchie smiled with the feeling of joy shared by the shepherdess when the stray sheep rejoined the flock, and together they walked in to the loan company.



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54 Men's hand made Signal Ring. Tarnish Proof mounting. White gold color effect.

50 Ladies' Basket Mounting. Nice size center simulated diamond.

51 Ladies' large square cut stone. Stone comes in all colors. Stone color.

48 Friendship Ring, solid silver. Ring after in the most popular Sweetheart design.



52 Baby Ring. 16 K Solid Yellow Gold.



53 Egyptian Ring—unusual design. Very odd.



7 Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver with 2 hearts linked. Beautifully engraved. Forget-me-not!



31 Ladies' Engagement Ring set with large brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect.



49 Ladies' single brilliant stone. Hard to tell from genuine diamond. Tiffany style high mounting.



10 Child's Signal Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect.



11 Wedding Ring. Raised Band design. White gold or yellow color effect or sterling silver mounting.



39 Wedding Ring—Beautifully shaped Yellow or white gold color effect or solid Sterling Silver.



13 Men's Solitaire Ring with simulated diamond in square mounting. Yellow or white gold color effect.



14 Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Large center simulated diamond with smaller stones.



15a Men's Ring set with twin simulated 2 diamonds. White gold color effect.



62a Sterling Silver Friendship Ring (stamped sterling).



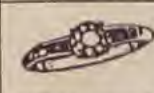
55 Ladies' large square cut stone. Gold plated sterling silver mounting. Stone comes in all colors.



18 Ladies' Solitaire Ring. White or yellow gold color effect mounting or sterling silver. Be sure to give birth month for proper color of stone.



19 Ladies' Solitaire Engagement ring. Yellow mounting or white gold color effect or sterling silver.



20 Ladies' Solitaire Engagement ring with 5 brilliant simulated diamonds in yellow gold color effect mounting.



33a Ladies' Engagement Ring set with large center simulated diamond and small stones on sides. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



62 Ladies' Solitaire with large brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



23 Ladies' Solitaire Engagement Ring. Extraordinarily brilliant simulated diamond. Tiffany style setting. White or yellow gold color effect.



24 Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver. Beautifully engraved. Also used as wedding ring.



25 Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect or sterling silver.

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26 Men's Ring with large simulated diamond and 4 smaller colored stones. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



17a Men's Ring with 1 sparkling simulated diamond and ruby in center. Yellow gold mounting.



56 Cameo with small stone. White gold color effect.



30a Ladies' Birthstone Ring—stones come in all colors. Sterling Silver mounting (stamped in ring). Stone color stone decided.



33a Men's 1 Stone Ring with 5 simulated diamonds and ruby in center. Yellow gold color effect. Write down number.



34 Men's Ring with large sparkling simulated diamond—yellow gold color effect.



33 Large center Solitaire Diamond—5 smaller round stones. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



38 Indian Head Ring. Head is stamped in gold leaf.



35 Men's Signal Ring. White gold color effect mounting.



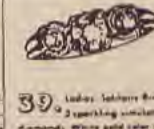
64 Men's simulated large square cut ruby. Yellow gold color effect.



37 Love & Friendship Ring. Heart design alloy used in Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect or sterling silver.



38a Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Center stone is genuine diamond chip. Solid Sterling Silver mounting.



39 Ladies' Solitaire Ring. 2 sparkling simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



40 Men's Signal Ring, also for boys. White or yellow gold color effect mounting.



41 Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large center simulated diamond and 6 smaller stones. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



42 Hand Clasp Love & Friendship Ring. Rings come apart to form 2 rings. Made of sterling silver.



43 Ladies' Wedding Band. 7 large brilliant simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect mounting or sterling silver.



44 Men's Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect or sterling silver.



43a Corozo Nut Ring. Made carved from the nut of the Corozo Palm. Hand mounted to a beautiful stone black and set with 4 simulated pearls. These rings are highly prized by the natives of Puerto Rico. There's a legend that God took Always Follows The World!



57 Hand Carved Corozo Nut Ring—Indian Head.



48 Wedding Band. Set with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect mounting or sterling silver.

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